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QUESTIONS.

What burns our factories, cities, mills,
And soaks our fields with crimson rills,
Then glorifies the man who kills?

'Tis war, an ancient custom.

What causes taxes to oppress?
What hinders works of righteousness,
And multiplies the fatherless,
Like this unholy custom?

Why do foul murders still increase,
And fireside papers never cease
To publish crime, instead of peace?
Because, it is the custom.

What swallows, without stint or measure,
The nation's wealth of blood and treasure,
Till even Satan smiles with pleasure
On this his chosen custom?

What leads our youth to think 'tis right
To train with guns, and learn to fight
And kill, like genteel demons' might?
Hark to the answer: Custom.

Why float war-ships o'er oceans wide?
Why build huge forts on every side,
And monster cannon still provide,
To keep alive this custom?

Why pastors choose for illustration
Pictures of war and desolation,
To point the truth of inspiration?
Why not condemn the custom?

What other faith or gospel seed,
Like this, our peaceful, Christian creed,
Can e'er supply the world's great need,
And end this horrid custom?

What leading sect has ever been
Brave to rebuke this giant sin,
Opening its doors, to let none in
Who sanction this vile custom?

Why need we stain our history's page
With bloody deeds of hero rage;
Why not make this the golden age
Of better, purer custom?

FATHER DAMIEN, THE HERO OF CHARITY.

This Roman Catholic priest died in the work of relieving the suffering of incurable lepers at the Sandwich Islands, to whose succor no one would go till he set the example. The *Month* gives the following account of his last days and words:

"On the 28th he took to his bed and on the 30th began his direct preparation for death by a general confession and renewal of his vows. 'You see my hands,' he said, 'all the wounds are healing, and the crust is becoming black. You know that is a sign of death. Look at my eyes, too; I have seen so many lepers die that I can't be mistaken. Death is not far off. I should have liked to see the Bishop again; but *le bon Dieu* is calling me to keep Easter with Himself! God be blessed!' On April 2, 'How good God is,' he said during the day, 'to have preserved me long enough to have two priests by my side at my last moments, and also to have the good Sisters of Charity at the *Leproserie*. That has

been my *Nunc Dimittis*. The work of the lepers is assured, and so I'm no longer necessary, and will soon go "up yonder."' I then begged him to leave me his mantle, like Elias, in order that I might have his great heart. 'Why, what would you do with it?' he asked. 'It is all full of leprosy.'

"A few days of respite, even of rallying and hope, followed. The good Sisters of Charity often visited him. Everybody admired his wonderful patience. 'He, so ardent, so lively, so robust, was thus nailed down to his miserable couch, yet without much pain. He was laid on the ground on a wretched mattress, like the poorest leper. We had the greatest difficulty to get him to accept a bed. And how poorly off he was! He who had spent so much money to relieve the lepers had so far forgotten himself that he had not a change of linen or bed clothes.' On the 13th he had a bad relapse, and all hope was at an end. A little after midnight he received Holy Communion for the last time, and began occasionally to lose consciousness. The next day he still recognized his comrades, but could not speak, though from time to time he affectionately pressed their hands. On the 15th his agony began, and soon all was over. He died without any effort, as if going to sleep. After death all marks of leprosy disappeared from his face, and the wounds in his hands were quite dried. Strange to say, at his own request he was buried under a large pandanus tree. When he first landed at Molokai he had no dwelling, and was obliged to sleep for several nights under the shade of this tree, and for this reason he desired to be buried there."

The public mind has been deeply and justly stirred by the story of Father Damien at Molokai and his self-sacrificing devotion. But this self-denying labor of love amongst lepers is being and has been carried on by the Moravians (English and German) for more than half a century. In 1818 a Moravian missionary and his English wife entered upon their perilous duties at the Leper Hospital for Hottentots in South Africa; and Robben Island, with its hundreds of pitiable sufferers is a standing witness to many years of devoted and successful effort. In 1867 a similar work of mercy was begun amongst the numerous lepers at Jerusalem. The original asylum, once enlarged to meet the demand for admission, has now been superseded by a capacious building. And at this moment no fewer than four devoted Moravians—heroes, indeed—are consecrating their lives to this service.

A PACIFIC HERO.

There has just expired at Rye, England, an old sailor, named James Bayley, who was known to have saved no fewer than twenty-six lives frequently, at the imminent risk of his own. On one occasion he kept three men afloat in Sunderland Harbor until they were rescued, and he twice saved the occupants of Deal boats which had capsized off the South Foreland, including a nephew of Lord Bramwell.

—One hundred and twenty-six (126) members of the British Parliament have signified in writing their adhesion to the International Arbitration League of which W. R. Cremer, M. P., is secretary.